

For a man in whose life there had been | sigh, and she had no airs of badness at all tragedy he was cheerful. He had a habit | and very little of usual coquetry. Fabian of humaning vague notes in the silence of conversation, as if to put you at your ase. His body and face were lean and arid. is eyes oblique and small, his hair straight and dry and straw-colored; and it flew out cracking with electricity, to meet his cap as he put it on. He lived alone in a little for near his lime-kiln by the river. with no near neighbors, and few companion save his four dogs, and these he fed some times at expense of his own stemach. He had just enough crude poetry in his nature to enjoy his surroundings. For he was well pinced. Behind the lime-kiln rose knoll on kindi, and beyond these, the verdant hills, all converging to Daigrothe mountains In from of it was the river with its banks dropping forty feet, and below, the rapids, giways troubled and sportive. On the farther side of the river lay peaceful areas of meadow and corn land, and low roofed,



Tebin Would Go His Guit.

ftag staff. This building was almost large enough for a finner, and, indeed, it was said that it had been built for one just before the conquest in 1759, but the war had destroyed the ambitions owner, and it had become a farm boose. Garrote always knew the time of the day by the way the light fell on the wind-mill. He had owned ann once, he and his brother Fabian, had loved it as he had loved Fabian and he loved it new as he loved Pahlan's memory. And in spite of all, they were thereigh memories, both of brother and

At twomis-three they were orphans with two buildred acres of land, some cash, hences and cattle, plenty of credit in the parish, or in the county, for that mintter, Both were of hearty dispositions, but Publish had a taste for liquor, and Henri for pretty faces and shapely ankles. Yet no one thought the worse of them for that, espefirst. An old servant kept bouse for them and cared for them in her honest way both physically and morally. She lectured them at first when there was little to le

Henri got a shock the day before their get a shock the day below a dis-bed when he saw Fabian lift the used to mix with the maik of the and and pouring out the third of er drink it off smacking his lips at so as though it were a cordial. After their father died Pabian gave way to the vac. In what is the taverte, be was at once the despoirtand the loy of the purish; for wild as he was, he had a gay temper, a humorous mand, a strong arm, and was the universal lover. to who did not, of course, know o with of his wildness, had a warm spot for beart. But there was a victous him somewhere, and in came out

She had been in a hotel in Montreal, and it was there Patien had see er as she waited on table



She Lectured Them.

splendid-looking oreature, all life and en-ergy, tail, fair-haired and with a charm above her kind. She was also an excel-lest servant, could do as much as any we women in any boose, and was cape of more airy diablerie than any Positise. When Fattian had said to ber in Montreal that he would come he told her where he lived. She came to see him in-stead, for she wrote to the landlord of the Louis Quinze, enclosed five testimonials, and was immediatly engaged. She carpe and Fabian was stunned when he extered the Louis Quinze and saw her waiting on table, alert, busy, good to see. She hedded at him with a quicek smile as he stood bewildered just inside the door, then said in English, for he understood it

fairly. This way, monsiest.

As he sat down he said in English also, with a longh and with snapping eyes:

"Good Lord! What brings you here,

As she pushed a chair under him she al-

x hungry men. The Louis Quinze did more business now in three months than it had done before in six. But it became known among a few in Fontiae that Neil was victorious. How it had crept up from Montreal noons know, and when it slid come her name was very intimately associated with Fabian's. No one could say that she was not the most perfect of servants, and also no one could say that per life to Pontiac had not been perfect of servants, and also no one could say that ner life in Pontiae had not been exemplary. Yet wise people had made up their minds that she was determined to marry Faban, and the wisest declared that she would in spile of everything—religion (she was a Protestant), character, race, the was clever, as the young seigneur found, as the little avocat was forced to admit, as the cure allowed with a

and very little of usual coquetry. Fabian was enamored, and it was clear that he intended to bring the woman to the manor

the way or another Henri admitted the fascination of the ment admitted the fascination of the woman, test it despatired, went to Mon-treal, got proof of her career, came back and nade his final and only effort to turn his brother from the girl. He had waited an hour outside the hotel and when Fabian got in he drove on with-out a word. After awhite Fabian, who was high savings, and

high spirits, said:

high spirits, said:
"Open your mouth, Henri; come along sleep's head."
Straightway he began to sing a rollicking song and Henri Joined in with him heart-liy, for the spirit of Fabian's humor was

There was a little man, The foolish Guilleri Carabi

Of partridges the chase, He went unto the chase, Carain. Titi Carabl. Toto Carabo

You're going to break your neck,
My lovely Guilleri."
He was about to begin another verse when
Henri stopped him, saying:
"You are going to break your neck,
Fabian."
"What's an March."

What's up, Henri," was the reply. You're drinking hard and you don't "You're drinking hard and you don't keep good company".
Fabian laughed. "Can't get the com-pany I want, must have what I can get, fleeni, my dear."
"Don't drink." Henri laid his free hand on Fabian's knee.
"Must." Bora in me. Loved it like ream from the rock a-bye."
Henri sighed. "That's the drink, alian," he said patiently. "Give up the

Fabian." he said patiently. "Give up the company."

You'd give up the company."

Blest if I wouldn't, Henri. You're the best company in the world."

"Give me your hand."

They shook hands. Fabian drew out a flask and uncorked it.

"Fil be better company for you than that girl, Fabian."

Girl' What the devil do you. What the devil do you

"She, Nell Barraway was the company I

meant, Fale."

"Neil Berraway—you meant her? Bosh. I'm going to marry ker. Henri."

"You must not, Fabe," said Henri caperly chicking Fabun's sleeve.

"I must, and there's an end of it. She's



Save His Four Dogs.

she's splendid. Never lonely a minute with

voice weakened.
"That's rot. Of course it is Henri, my dear. If you love a weman, if she gets hold of you, gets into your blood, loves you, so that the touch of her fingers sets your pulses flying, you don't care a damn whether she is good or not."

"You mean whether she was good or

"No, I don't. I mean is good or not. For if she loves you she'll travel straight for your sake. Pshaw! You don't know anything about it."

"I know all about it."

"Know all about it! You're in love-

Fabian sat open-monthed for a minute. Go-dam!" he said. It was his one Eng-

"is she good company?" he asked after a minute 'She's the same as you keep-the very

same."
"You mean Nell-Nell?" asked Fabian, in a dry, choking voice.
"Yes, Nell. From the first time I saw But I'd cut my hand off first,

her. But I'd cut my hand off first.

"I'd think of you; of our people that have been here for two hundred years; of the rooms in the old house where mother used to be. Look here. Fabe, you said you'd give up her company for mine. Do it."

"I didn't know you meant her, Henri, Holy heaven, and you've got her in your blood, too!" "Yes, but I'd never marry her, Fabe, at Montreal I found out all about her. She

was as bad--

"That's nothing to me Henri," said Fahlan, "but something else is. Here you are now. I'll stick to my bargain." His face showed pale in the moonlight. "If you'll drink with me, do as I do, go where I go, play the devil when I play it, and never squeal, never hang back, I'll give her up.



"Good Land, What Brings You Here, Lady Bird?"

But I've got to have you, got to have you all

a philanthropist sad. They are the dwellings in which they who have known better days make a last frantic effort to preserve their gentility. They are stuccoed mon-strosities, with front gardens 5x4 feet, and bay windows fringed with curtains of cheap lace. Who does not know these windows? To whom is that pot plant on the round table in front not familiar? Whose heart has not ached while reading Whose heart has not ached while reading between the lines of those home-painted buts of cardboard, on which it is announced that "The Punnoforte is Tanght," that "Dressmaking, in All its Branches, is Carefully Executed." that "Apartments are to be Let," that "Typewriting and Copying are Bone Here?"

You may walk through a slum, where broken windows stuffed with rags are the rule and involute roaries the execution.

rule and inviolate pares the exception, where touzled drabs loaf about the doorwave and grimy children play and wallow in the kennels, where abject pauperism and pressing indigence expose themselves naked and not ashamed-you may walk through this sum, I say, and be less saddened by this sam, I say, and be less saddened by its signs of squalid want than you would be by the trim and stuccood poverty of Labarmam Terrace. The struggle for bread is, in itself, pathetic. Its pathes is enhanced when thereto is added the struggle for appearances. There are those by whom these must be kept up. They are not merely the badge of their self-respect, they are they conditions of their existence. What pupil would go for pianoforte lessens to litury lane? Who would patronize a dressmaker in Clare market? Who would rest apartments in the back streets of Battersea, or take his typewriting to the slains of Lanuresthicance of features between the two-a resemblance of features between the food of the proposition of the proposi

so reflected Reginald Blake, as he strolled along the pavennent of Laburman Terrace, Reginald Blake was a young philosopher, who, because he wrote articles on social and economic questions in the evening papers, valued himself, perhaps, a little undity. He was not a bad young fellow. He was not a bad young fellow. He was not a bad young fellow. He was not a bad young fellow But it was rather presumptuous of him to have engaged, as he had already done, upon a magnum opus, in which he pulverized John Stuart Mill and reduced Emanuel Kant to powder. However, he had the best excuse of all for his audacity—the excuse of being only twenty-two.

His means were rather straitened and, finding rooms in town a trifle too expensive for him, he was now on the lookout for lodgings in a cheap subarty. That was what brought him to Laburman terrace, as he strolled along, looking at the various of the paper in the finding of the paper in the finding of the graph of the graph of the paper in the finding of the filtered, as their ginners met," I have another favor to ask you."

"If you please sir." the faltered, as their ginner and far, far too trusting. She left me suddenty one day—to run away with your father.

"And what is that?" inquired Reginald, huskily. His chin hung apon his breast, he was shading thin hung apon his breast, he was shading and spirit of his twenty-two years had to have regionally the was now many firm to be taken notice of that poor young creature. It—it—distributed and spirit of his twenty-two years had to powder. However, he had the best excuse of all for his audacity—the excuse of all for his audacity—the excuse of the paper of the poor young trainer. My side of the faltered, as their ginner and far, far too trusting. She left me suddenty one day—to run away with your father.

"And what is that?" have another favor to ask you."

"And what is that?" have another favor with the individual of the paper of the poor young creature. It—it—distribute.

The individual the father with his regiment. My sister was b

the's splendid. Never lonely a minute with er."

What Brought him to Labarman terrace, as he stroiled along, looking at the various houses, and not particularly lighing the looks are. "Isn't it though? Isn't it? You just try walking very rapidly in the same direction, walking very rapidly in the same direction. Just after she had gone by she turned "They ain't without goodness." Henri's her head and looked at him. It was only a ner read and rocked at him. It was only a momentary glance, but it had a great ef-fect on Reginald—an effect which, even at the time, he recognized as extraordinary. The gift's face was very pretty, her eyes were large and bright, but 'twas not this that attracted him. He was a sober, senthat attracted him. He was a sober, sen-sible fellow, the last man to run after a prefty face; but on the girl's sudden book had flushed a gleam of interest -cs, and of unnistakable recognition, which moved him strangely. He did not remember ever to have seen her before. On reflection, he was certain that he had not done so. Her face was not one to be easily forgotten What, then, did that look of recognition mean? Perhaps she had mistaken him for somebody else. Perhaps— Reginald's speculations did not carry him

further just then. The girl, whom he was following with his eyes, turned into a house about tifty yards about the a nouse about tifty yards about they are noted it carefully. When he came abreast of it, he stopped and regarded it. It was like all the other nouses in Laburaum terrace—a shrine erected by cheap gentility to superior papperson. In the bay-window, half concealing the traditional pot-plant, was a card, inscribed in home-made characters with the notice: "Apartments," Reginald was urged by an irresistible impulse. He opened the small from gate. He traversed the four-foot garden. He knocked upon the He was not answered by the girl, as he

had hoped, but by a middle-aged person, dressed to black; a thin, faded, strunken, superior person, who regarded him nerv-You let apartments, I see," said Regi-

nald. "Yes, sir; I have a furnished sitting room and bestroom for a bachelor. Will you kindly walk in and see them?" Reginald followed her into the passage,

and thence into the parlor on the ground floor. The room was scrupulously clean and near, but Mark Tapley himself could not have dubbed if comfortable. The man does not exist who could enjoy repose upon a horse hair sofa, or derive a sense of contested thair backs. Still, reflected the the philosopher, they were probably as good as any other cheap lodgings. Of course, you could not expect much luxury for little money. And, besides—there was no disguising the fact—he was influenced by an extraordinary and inexplicable wish to

an extraordinary and inexplicable wish to make the acquaintance of the girl whom he had just seen in the street.

"How do you like the rooms, sir?" inquired the landlady, cycing him anxiously. "This is the bedroom, sir," she added, opening a door at the back of where they stood. "A beautiful, large bedroom, sir, and so warm."

He glanced in. It looked clean and tidy, at any rate, and if he did not like the rooms it was easy to move.

rooms it was easy to move.

Turning to the landlady to tell her that

he thought they would suit him, and to aske her terms, he suddenly caught sight of the strange girl in the passage ounder. When their eyes met she smiled at him for an instant, with the same inexplicable smile of recognition. Then she hurried away and was lost to view.

away and was lost to view.
"I am quite satisfied with the rooms,"
said Reginald. "I will take them."
"The terms are 15 shillings a week, sir,"
the landlady told him.
"Thank you. The price will suit me
very well. Here," handing her the money." "is a week's reat in advance. You may expect me with my baggage some time to morrow afternoon."

As he left the house he just looked back to see if he could catch another glimpse

of the girl. He descried her at one of the girl. We descried her at one of the same grave, treedly stude as before these ways to the grainly skinder as a few of the girl. We stude at himselfer the same grave, treedly stude as before these ways to the grainly skinder as a few of the girl of the same grave, treedly stude as before these ways to the grainly skinder as a few of the girl of the same grave, treedly stude as before the same grave, treedly stude as before the same grave, treedly stude as before the same grave, treedly stude as the grave of the same grave, treedly stude as the grave of the same grave, treedly stude as the grave of the same grave, treedly stude as the grave of the same grave, treedly stude as the grave of the same grave, treedly stude as the grave of the same grave, treedly stude as the grave of the same grave, treedly stude as the grave of the grave of the same grave, treedly stude as the grave of the g

you are my only lodger".

"I see," said Reginald. "I did not mean to be inquissince. But there is a young lady whom I occasionally meet about the house, and I thought—"

"I-I-did not know that you had seen her." broke in the landlady. (Reginald her." broke in the landlady (Reginald saw that she was trembling and looked distressed) "She usually stays all day in her room. She—she—is a young relative of mitte. She—she—has a sad history, poor girl! A great disgrace has fallen upon her through no fault of her own. People—people—do not know she is living here. Her—her—presence is altogether secret."

"I am sure I beg your pardon for having unistentionally hurt you by my imquiry," said Reginald, with feeling. "I had no idea that I was aliading to a painful subject."

"I am sore I beg your pardon for having and his father's letter, sitting as motionless and his father's letter, sitting as motionless as a statue on his bed. His color came and ministentionally hurt you by my inquiry." and Regimaid, with feeling. "I had no dea that I was alluding to a painful subsect." In this attitude he remained for half an hour, before he roused bimself sufficiently to move to the adjoining room, and was all the remained for half an hour, before he roused bimself sufficiently to move to the adjoining room, and was all the remained for half an hour, before he roused bimself sufficiently to move to the adjoining room, and Nay, sir, she answered, 'I am glad you told me about naving seen the poor girl, for" ther voice took a very appealing tone) "it gives me the opportunity of asking you as a great favor, sir, not-not-to-mention her presence her eto any one. You will do both her and me the greatest

You need not be afraid," replied he, reassuringly. "I shall, of course, respect your secret. I give you my word of honor upon that point."

"Thank you, sir—thank you, with all my hear." said the landlady, evidently relieved.

do not scruple to command my srevices."

She thanked him with trans in her eyes and then withdrew. Regimble spent the rest of the morning in specularive thoughtnot, however, about Emanuel Kant or John

Stuart Mill. The half-completed manuscript of his magnum opus, in which he wielded the sledge-hammer that was to knock the pedestals of those gigantic statues from timber them, lay upon his desk awaiting additions. He sait to it, with his pipe and his case he was distinct the first timber to the police upon her track unless she left immediately. She was frightened and left effects of the police upon her track unless she left immediately. She was frightened and left effects of the police upon her track unless she left immediately. pen; he even dipped the latter in the lak. But he got no further. The landlady and her daughter for daughter, strely, she was-beld entire possession of his brain. Mill and Kant enjoyed a respite for the day. The shock that should soon electrify them in their graves remained by so much longer in abeyance,

There are many people who live their en-There are many people who live their en-tire life on matter-of-face lines; who see nothing but what they see with their physical vision; who know nothing but what they know by the exercise of their obvious intelligence; who feel nothing but what they feel by the operation of their animal sensibilities, people who are, in fact, walk-ing embodiments of business, sufferers from common sense in its most aggressive form.

Reginald Blake would not have placed himself exactly in the above category; still, if there was one quality on which he valued himself above all others it was on valued himself above all others it was on that of being strictly practical. He was disposed, both by habit and temperament, to laugh at the sentimental; to deride the fanciful; to despise the superstitious. He was no believer in what they call mental telepathy, or in any nonsense of that description. As regards presentiments, he was an utter skeptic that any knowledge of facts could be directly communicated to a man through the impressions, without having been first convered to the intelligence by liftelligible means, he simply viewed as impossible. He now had to take his first lesson in hidden influences, and the lesson startled him.

He knew, as well as he knew that the day

was Thursday, and the month was March, was indisease, and the month was an introduced with that poor girl's life. He knew, as certainly as he knew that the sun would rise next morning, that in a very short while he should discover the link of connection. This knowledge, took possession of him



"Lort, buttem weather prophetscan

BUDGET OF

"It is seldom, indeed, that an Irishman's In a New England restaurant. The wit deserts him in the moment of need." Guest-What can I get here? The Matron-We have coffee as mother used to make it. instance where a ready tongue comes more quickly to the rescue than in the case of Bob O'Farreil, a clever and eloquent news paper man whom I met at a dinner some

"Bob O'Farreit was nothing more than a local reporter in a small New England town in which I chanced to speud a summer "It was on the occasion of a grand ban

quet given to the local fire department in recognition of its services in promptly extinguishing a fire which threatened to spread through the whole business part of "Having a number of friends in the de partment I bought a ticket for the banquet and, as lock would have it, found myself seated next to Bob O'Farrell. Now Bob

was known far and wide throughout the State as a witty and chtertaining speaker, and as it was known that he had spent several long evenings in the preparation of an eloquent eulogy of the fire department w nautrally anticipated a fine burst of oratory nautrally anticipated a fine burst of oratory from the gifted young Irishman.

But as the dinner proceeded I noticed that my neighbor, who was usually the most joyal and even tempered of men, was becoming more and more despondent and melancholy, even as the rest of the company grew more noisy and hilarious, I suppose it was part of his Irish paper.

I suppose it was part of his Irish nature, for with the Celts, you know, hughter and tears lie peritonsly close together and whenever you find a genuinely witty Irishman you will find a deep substratum of sadness underlying all his cheery humor. "I noticed at the same time that O'Farrell was helping himself with unsparing hand to the various liquors that stood on the board and although he drank enough between the soup and coffee to have put a dezen men in the very best of spirits, by the time the circumstance of the community of the community of the community of the community of the circumstance of the community of the circumstance of the circu

time the cigars were passed round be had passed from the melancholy stage to one of sullen quiet that threatened to develop into positive ugliness at any moment.

"The chairman opened what the local papers called 'the feast of reason' with a species in which he food to be a species of the stage of the s on the dider-the portrait of his own father, a pencil note, scrawled in a tremitous and unknown band; and a letter. The paper of the letter was yellow. The ink was brown and faded. But it was slegible throughout, and was in his father's handwriting. It speech in which he fairly slobbered over th was dated nearly twenty-three years back.

Reginald perused both the penched note

speech in which he fairly slobbered over the whole department, praising all its officers and men in the most effosive manner. He was followed by the sheriff of the county who, as O'Farrell remarked to me in an undertone of disguist, 'laid it on with a brush, 'inhiseffortatooutdo his predecessor. 'It was now my Irish friend's turn to speak, and a roar of appairise greeted him as he arose, a triffe unsteadily, to his feet and looked with what seemed to noe to be a smile of center pt at the double line of eager faces that were turned toward him. But the look of anticipation on each convenience changed with comical suidenness to one of chagrin "Forgive me, sir, forgive me. I ought to have told you at first, as soon as ever I guessed who you were." It was degmaid's landlady that spoke. "Four name-your appearance, and—and—other things soon led me to discover that. But I. I.—did not the total you, sir. I.—I.—did not see the use of raking up a painful story, which I had thought would now always remain beried in the oblivion of the past. God ross willed otherwise. These two letters reveal romuch, sir, that I need not concent the rest. Listento me, sir, and I will tell you the whole with consteal suddenness to one of chagrin and surprise as the speaker blurted on

Listentome, sir, and I will tell you the whole and story. Did your fatherever speak to you of your mother, sir?" "Never-except just to tell me that she died when I was born," replied Reginald

steady his nerves with a glass of wine.

in a hollow voice.
"I do not wonder. It was a painful, a reproachful subject for him to recall. Your mother, sir, was my own sister. You were born in this house—in that very poon. We lived together, my sister and I, not here, but at Charliam. Your father was then sta-tioned there with his regiment. My sister was beautiful—too beautiful, and

clear why, in her last hours, she hid away her few precious treasures, wishing to save them from the clutches of a rapacious thief.

"I sent the woman away at once. I be and left without demur. My God! If only I had found my poor sister a few weeks

earher!
"In time your father came to take you.
There had been a time when I could have—have killed him for his conduct to my -have killed him for his conduct to my sister. Now I nearly forgave him. His grief, his sorrow, his remorse were pitable to see. He had loved your mother with all his heart. Twas not till suckenly called away, he told me, that he realized how much. She was all in the world to hom. He wrote to her from Plymouth that letter which you have found-telling her of his adoration, of his shame for hav-ing so treated her, of his desire, his long-ing, his firm intention to marry her upon

ins return.

"He told me about this letter at the time. I believed him. But we could find it nowhere among your mother's things. And I knew how she would have treasured it—my loving little Jessie. We supposed that it had been stolen by the nurse. But, you see, we were mistaken."

"But, but," questioned Reginald, "this girl, this relation of yours, who lives with you, whose strange behavior has led me to

you, whose strange behavior has led me to this discovery—how is she connected with my mether's story?"

The old lady clasped her hands. A

strange light came into her dreamy eyes, a dreamy smile settled upon her thin face. "I have taken many lodgers into this "I have taken many lodgers into this houseintwenty-two years. Not one of them has seen her but you. This to you and me alone, dear nephew, that our long lost one has shown herself. I thank God that you have seen her-seen your sweet and loving mother as she was. But something tells me that the purpose of her livgering here is now accomplished—that neither you not I shall ever view her gentle face again."—London Truth.

## NOTES ON CAR-BUILDING.

In 1890 there were in operation in the United States 880 car-building and carrepairing plants, which represented a capital of \$124,653,164, and gave employment to 144,514 persons.

One big car-building company began in 1849 with \$10,000 cash and a tract of land valued at \$10,000. After fortytwo years of business the company owned property worth \$3,500,000, and its plant comprises twenty-eight acres and forty buildings. For three years before the Columbian Exposition nearly 100,000 freight cars

and 2,000 passenger cars a year were built. There was a drop from 100,000 freight cars n 1892 to 17,000 in 1894. Prussia, which is the chief military and

rissia, which is the chief minday and railway nation of the continent, had but 205,476 cars in 1892, each car being one-fourth the capacity of an American car. Russia had but 7,788 passenger cars, while we have five times that number. The renewals on cars each year require 1,500,000 wheels, 175,000 axies, be-sides tons of springs and bolts.

The railway cars in the United States, not including street cars, would make two continuous trains or structures from Boston to San Francisco, and a continuous train of cars running both ways across the con-tinent could be established, with an engine



Alfonse-Wobert, dear, what's good for tight, pinching shoes Robert -Smaller fe

THE DIME MUSEUM FREAK Freaks are divided into two grand di-visions, known respectively as "Carriago

Frenks" and "Pinin Frenks." The first-named includes all those human cornosities whose "freakiness" is of such an obvious nature that it is impossible for them to appear on the highways, on the street cars of in other bosy haunts of men without cheapening themselves in the popular eye. To this class belong the fat lady, the double-headed boy, the four-legged girl, the midget and the giantess. Among the Plain Freaks are the fattooed lady, the man with the Iron faw, the transparent



The Freak Wedding.

man, the India rubber lady, and a bost of others who, when clothed in ordinary garblook for all the world like commonplace

mman beings. Indeed there are few professions which

"They'd Put the Fires Out in Less
Than a Minute."

"Gentlemen, it seems to me that we've heard quite enough about this fire department already this evening. Now, for my part, I'd like nothing better than to see the whole company—officers, men, and machines—in hell!

"He pansed a moment, and the awful silence that horg about the board told him that be had made a bad break, and a full sense of the enormity of his offense flashed across his dranken brain and so-bered him in an instant.

"He's done for himself now,' I thought, but I was mistaken; and I can leave you to immarine the ryells of delight that shoot to fire life the product of the process are a few professions which offer effect opportunities for courtship than that of freaking, and many are the marriages which result from platform propinquity. Nor can it be densed that makeles made in this welture of the most flashionable dime massembled in one of the most flashionable d flashed across his drunken brain and so-bered him in an instant.

"He's done for himself now," I thought, but I was mistaken; and I can leave you to imagine the yells of delight thus shook the building as he went on with perfect seriousness. Because, gentlemen, I know that If they were there they would put the fire out in less than a minute and make it a decent and comfortable place.

known as the Princess Littlefinger near up the brids! train. Nearly every human as the princess Littlefinger near up the brids! train. Nearly every human as the princess Littlefinger near up the brids! train. Nearly every human as the princess Littlefinger near up the brids! train. Nearly every human curiosity of distinction was present, and as the groom placed the firing on the third toe of the brids! belt foot a blind cornec-tist burst into the strains of the wedding marchand the nearly dergyman pronounced the words that made the two one.

The marriage has proved a happy one in every respect, and the couple, when not



eckses you, did ve gome oudt to der gountry in der spring, insteadt of waiting till der summer?

Mrs. Cohenstein, soothingly-Dondt you remember it gost shost twice as much fer dot gountry boodrt in der hodt vedder? Dot is vy ve gome now. Cohenstein-Yess; und efen dese Ve gan nodi iddle schickens knows id.

gome oudt by der barn but vut de gom running hollering oudt, "Cheap! Cheap.



Excursion to Luray Caverns. Thursday, August 1st, special train will leave R. & O. R. R. station 830 a. m. Roundtrip, including admission to the caves, and reserved seats on train, \$3.50. Seats reserved in advance without extra cost, at ticket office, New York avenue and Fifteenth street.

for us poor sinners who'll have to take engaged in their professional duties, occupy our residence there sooner or later. engaged in their professional duties, occupy a next white cettage a short distance from the city, where I called on them not any doubt of an Irishman's ability to extricate himself from any trap into which he may have blumdered."

Mr. Cohenstein (excitedly)—Fer vy I from head to foot—the only one of the kind from head to foot—the one of the kind from head to foot father's plak eyes. The second is tattoord from head to foot—the only one of the kind ever born in captiviny—and has inherited her father's long. Albino hair. The third has beautiful arms but they are precisely the color of her father's eyes. The fourth the color of her father's eyes. The fourth has proved a great source of sorrow to his parents, and tears fill their eyes as they look upon their bright, sturdy haby boy who came into the world without any inheritance in the way of malformation or coloring that would enable him to follow the family calling. Thus cruelly handicapped from the moment of his birth his father and mother pray daily that he will, in the course of time, develop some mental peculiarity by which he may care his brend. If he was only a girl he could his bread. 150 warms become a Circussian beauty, or if he were blind he could be taught to play checkers, but as it is they sometimes fear that his case is a hopeless one.

A Good Woman. Mrs. Elizabeth E. Hunter, who died at Philadelphia recently, was highly esteemed by Lincein and Grant for her services in earing for the wounded in the late war. She was the first woman to go to Gettysburg after the great fight, receiving permission from President Lincoln and going in a special car. She founded the Northern Home for Friendless Children in Philadel-

A Friendly Tip.

Smither-Know any especial good places to fish, old man?

Ricktums-Well, no; but I will give you my experience. I have always caught the most fish where there have been sight con-spicuously placed which, strange lossly, most broadly proclaimed that there should be us fishing there.—Judge.